The Jar

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The Jar

by TCbook

Summary

The jar shattered louder than you think.

Notes

Happy new year my lovely readers!!!!!! Welcoming the 2018 with a/b/o and smut!

Thank you so much for being with me all this year.

Many thanks to my lovely beta @victorine

See the end of the work for more notes

- Translation into Русский available: Ваза by Krayn_Aletale

Hannibal found himself in the studio enjoying the little time he had to read something. The house was silent, oh so silent he could hear the sound of the snow falling outside the window.

Hannibal exhaled deeply while something bugged his mind; something was not right, not in a house with a two year old kid. *Something was not right*.

Hannibal looked for Abby in every room, instead finding Will, completely silent, peeking through the kitchen door. Will turned to him, silently inviting Hannibal to look at the spectacle before their eyes.

Abby, at only two years, had managed to make the most unstable makeshift stair with pots and pans, the misuse of which was already causing Hannibal pain. The little girl was aiming to get the big cookie jar that Hannibal had filled that same morning, only giving her one baby sized cookie before saving the rest.

Hannibal gasped loudly when he saw her tiptoeing to grab the counter edge, his heart stopping as he watched his daughter teetering on the pile of pots.

“Shsh, don’t say anything. If you scare her she will fall. She’s doing great, let her get the cookie,” Will said, amazed by the fact his little one was giving such an intelligent demonstration.

“Shewillfall.” Hannibal hissed the word with anger while the alpha held his hands up to prevent him interrupting.

“We are watching her,” Will told him fondly, rubbing their hands together and watching his daughter almost getting her prize.

“THE JAR IS TOO HEAVY!” The sound came out strangled from Hannibal’s throat.

Abby’s little hand reached the heavy cookie jar from the table, just as the door was opened by the alpha and omega at the same time. Then Abby moved the jar to the edge until she lost her balance and the jar flew with her.

The jar shattered behind them, Will reaching the ground first followed by Hannibal, falling over the alpha who was cradling the baby between his arms. Abby cried in their arms, more frightened by the loud sound of the antique jar breaking than by falling, more worried by the expression of her papa than the fear of having done something with the pans.

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Hannibal carried Abby out the kitchen, leaving Will there to solve the mess with the jar, not giving more than a gruff growl to the alpha in warning.

Hannibal is mad.

Mad enough to only talk to Will if needed, sleeping in the bed next to Abby’s crib and not serving Will coffee the next morning.

“Hannibal…” Will tried to explain himself to the omega while pouring some already cold coffee into his mug.

“No Will.”

“Hannibal, nothing happened.”

“My jar shattered, and you put our daughter in danger just to see if she could get a cookie, I feel like I’m being more than rational, William.”

“By keeping me out? I’m sorry, I never thought the jar was that heavy but isn’t this too much?”

“No, I will sleep with Abby until I feel like forgiving you. I will say when it's too much.”

And there it started. Hannibal used all his willpower to sleep in the little bed next to his baby, even if the bond pulled him to the big bed in the room at the end of the second floor. He fought his nature to comfort and lure his alpha to him, just to make his point.

The coldness between them dimmed a little during the day, Christmas ahead made them both busy after all… But Hannibal kept sleeping every night in the other room, not minding (or trying not to mind) the soft sounds he heard coming from his bed, his room, their nest. The whines and growls from his alpha calling him, ready, horny, needy of his omega who stubbornly held his legs so as not to answer the call of his mate with more than a matching uncontrollable cry from the cold single bed in Abby's room.

Two weeks and three days had passed since the cookie jar. Two weeks and three days with nothing more than a peck every morning to say goodbye. Two weeks and three days that were wrecking the whole house with the muffled howls of need from the alpha trying to get rid of the inconvenient erection that bothered him every half hour. The little sobs and whines that Hannibal tried to mask behind the music playing in every room while his legs shook with the scent of his alpha around him, his body asking for forgiveness, crying for the omega.

**

Christmas Eve arrived, and with it the big party Hannibal hosted every year for his friends and colleagues, which gave them the opportunity to keep their minds off of the constant scream of their nerves needing the other. For Hannibal, by entertaining guests, serving, and keeping everything as he wanted for the party. And for Will, by basically behaving.

When the guests started to go, the Christmas frenzy fading into familiar peace and quiet, Margot approached Hannibal. She offered to take Abby with them, their house no more than ten minutes away, and Abby wanting to go with her aunts and cousin Morgan to play and have a sleepover. Hannibal appreciated the gesture as they had so much to put back in place after the party, accepting the offer without seeing the real motive behind her offering.

With the other guests gone, and Abby comfortably settled in the car with Morgan, Hannibal said his goodbye and started to turn to the house when Alana took him by the sleeve of his coat.

“You two have to talk,” the blue eyed alpha told him with a big grin.

“With who, Alana?”

“Hannibal, I think we all could feel the tension between you and Will. You almost dropped your glass three times during a toast just because he couldn't stop squirming in his seat.”

“He's being stubborn,” Hannibal growled.

“So are you, Hannibal,” Alana said firmly.

“Will is waiting for you under the Christmas tree. Merry Christmas, have fun,” Margot said, squeezing his hands in hers before getting into the car.

Hannibal walked slowly into the post-party crime scene of his home , the disarray, the mess, the stains everywhere telling him the story of a fancy night filled with laughs, stories, and tension between him and his husband, thick and heavy in the air like smoke.

Will was waiting for him, sitting under the tree, hands busy rubbing his face and slicking his hair back, trying to get some control over his trembling hands after the constant buzz of so many people invading their home. Hannibal felt the tug of their bond pleading with him for comfort, for his scent over the others, for his closeness, his touch.

Will gathered all the strength left in his body to steady his hands and pass Hannibal the big box he had been hiding for the past two days.The omega took it between his hands and opened it, Hannibal’s eyes warming at the sight of a Greek cookie jar, heavy, big and yet delicate to the touch, at least a couple of hundred years old.

The omega carefully left the box beside the other presents around the tree, closing the space between them. He tucked his head under Will’s chin, breathing the shaky alpha in, purring his acceptance and forgiveness after weeks that seemed endless, wrapping Will in a tight embrace until Hannibal felt the man leaning into the touch and answering with a matching alpha purr.

“I’ve missed you so much,” Will whispered like they still were surrounded with their guests, a deep rumble of words shaking the ice from Hannibal’s heart, filling him with the warmth only his alpha produced inside of him, filling it until the warmth escaped from his body in a silent stream of tears. The omega shook softly, letting out a sob, his body reacting to the closeness of his alpha.

“Thank you,” Hannibal managed to say, his smile fond and his eyes almost closing with happiness.

Cleaning the house could wait, but marking the house as theirs was now a must. Hannibal was soothed by Will leaving kisses over his cheeks, over his chin and neck, slowly turning into nips and licks aimed to the scent glands under the collar of the omega’s shirt.

Their bodies started to dance, pulling and pushing between kisses until Hannibal caged Will against a wall, scenting the alpha shamelessly, wanting to bathe in his scent and be marked

over and over again. The smell of arousal mingled with the oranges and clove resting in the air, and with the faint scent of the pine, their hands seeking for skin and sweat to taste until both were panting.

Hannibal took Will to their room, the omega once more showing a display of strength and lust, almost running with the alpha over his shoulder, whining softly at the smell of Will's arousal so close and still clothed until they reached their room.

Both managed to get naked in a few seconds, carelessly stripping before jumping each other, bodies starving for the touch of their mate, skin tingling after the contact.

"I was so cold without you here" Will snarled, kissing his way to Hannibal's groin, swallowing him whole without warning. His eyes rolled back with the taste of his omega, so sweet and wanting, crowned with a chain of moans coming from Hannibal trying not to buck his hips.

Will sucked hard a couple of times before moving down over Hannibal's sack and between his cheeks, lapping, kissing and sucking bruises until he felt blind with want, a growing growl moving the walls of their conjoined mind palace.

Hannibal opened his legs, drawing his knees to his chest, inviting, wanton and debauched after a fancy and classy night of pretending. Slick coated his thighs, cries escaping from his throat calling his alpha, to mate, to fuck, to breed, the same cry he muffled under music and pillows the past almost three weeks.

"Alpha, Will…" Hannibal called, hands playing with his chest hair, nails scraping over his nipples, their scents becoming overwhelming and maddening.

Will's hands caressed Hannibal's chest, cupping his pecs before pushing inside, bracing against the omega's broad chest to thrust harder and faster, his mind wanting to claim again what was his.

Will hid his face in Hannibal's collarbone, rubbing his nose against the bonding bite, nibbling at the rough scar just to make Hannibal whine and seek for the next thrust, eagerly moving his hips.

Will's knot started to slow the thrusts, their minds going blank until a final moan muffled under a bite threw them over the edge for the first time.

"I love you," Will whispered with a broken voice, hissing with the sweet pain of the bite.

Hannibal bit Will at the cusp of their climax, their bodies tightly pressed together, almost sitting. Then Hannibal lapped the blood from Will's neck, orgasms making him moan between laps and kisses, brown eyes seeking for the blue ones that stole his breath since the first time.

It was beautiful.

**

The next morning, after two actual hours of sleep, Hannibal and Will were woken up by the insistent knock at their door. Each covering themselves with no more than a thin bathrobe, they both ran to the door to find Alana and Margot there.

They were something to behold: reeking of sex, hair not minding about physics, dark circles under their eyes, a necklace of bruises over their necks, a big bite decorating Will's on top, and both with big smiles after they saw who was at the door.

"Good morning you two, I see Santa behaved last night," Alana said, peeking her head inside the house to see the mess exactly as they left it the night before.

"Good morning, yes, ah, where is Abby?" Hannibal replied with his voice still half asleep.

"In the house, we just came to see if you two settled your problems," Margot replied, leaving the male couple speechless.

"We will come with the kids to have lunch with you, around two o'clock would be fine?" Alana finally said, taking Margot by the hand and leaving them in the doorway.

Will waved the car off before closing the door behind him, just to witness how Hannibal let his bathrobe fall from his frame invitingly.

Christmas was just starting.

End Notes

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